Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſervice firſt,
Toward *Epheſus* turne our blowne ſayles,
Eftſoones Ile tell why, ſhall we refreſh us ſir upon your ſhore,
and give you gold for ſuch proviſion as our intents will neede.
Lyſ. Sir with all my heart, and when you come a ſhore,
I have another ſleight.
Per. You ſhall prevaile, were it to wooē my daughter, for
it ſeemes you have beene noble towards her.
Lyſ. Sir, lend me your arme.
Per. Come my *Marina.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our ſands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my laſt boone give me,
For ſuch kindneſſe muſt releevē meē:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe,
What Pageantry, what pheates, what ſhewes,
What Minſtrelſie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*,
To greete the King; ſo he thrived,
That he is promiſed to be wived
To fairē *Marina*, but in no wiſe,
Till he had done his ſacrifice,
As *Dian* bad whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefeneſſe ſayles are fild,
And wiſhes fall out as thei'r wild
At *Epheſus* the Temple ſee,
Our King and all his company.
That he can hither come ſo ſoone,
Is by your fancies thankefull doome. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lyſimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy juſt command,
I here confeſſe my ſelfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, thē
faine *Thaiſa*, at ſea in childbed died ſhe, but brought forth a
Maid

Maid childe called *Marina*, w
ſilver livery, ſhe at *Tharſus* w
teene yeares he ſought to mur
her to *Metaline*, gainſt whoſe
the maid aboord to us where
brance, ſhe made knowne herſ
Th. Voyce and favour, you
Pe. What meanes the wom
Cer. Sir if you have told *Di*
Per. Reverend appearer, no
theſe very armes.
Cer. Vpon this Coaſt, I wa
Per. Tis moſt certaine.
Cer. Looke to the Lady; O
Earely in bluſtring morne, t
ſhore. I opened the Coffin, fo
her, and placed her here in *D*
Per. May we ſee them?
Cer. Great ſir, they ſhall b
ther I invite you, looke, *Thai*
Thai. O let me looke if he
to my ſence bend no licenciou
O my Lord, are you not *Peric*
you are: did you not name a t
Per. The voyce of dead *Th*
Thai. That *Thaiſa* am I, ſup
Per. Immortall *Dian!*
Thai. Now I know you bet
Pentapolis, the King my Fathe
Per. This, this, no more,
makes my paſt miſeries ſpo
touching of her lips I may me
be buried a ſecond time with
Mar. My heart leaps to be g
Per. Looke who kneeles h
burden at the ſea, and call'd *M*
Thai. Bleſt, and mine own

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA